

THE 2107
Force of Nature;
OR THE
L O V E S
O F
HIPOLLITO *and* DORINDA.
A
ROMANCE.

Translated from the FRENCH Original, and
never before printed in ENGLISH.

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The most Renowned

HISTORY OF PROSPERO, DUKE of MILAN.

IN the Dukedom of *Milan*, there sometime reigned a most noble Duke called *Prospero*, who had a Brother named *Antonio*, to whom he trusted the Manage of his State: he himself being for the most part wrapt up in secret Studies; not in the least surmising, that his Brother would ever throw off the NAME, and chuse that of an Usurper, for the sake of his Dominions. But the false *Antonio* having obtained the Craft of granting Suits, and of denying them, of advancing and deposing; and being prompted on by wild Ambition; wak'd in

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his Soul an evil Nature, and began to suppose him-
self the Duke, because he executed the outward
Face of Sovereignty; and at last made that tran-
sferous Thought so natural to him, that he resolv'd
it should be real: And to this End confederated
with the Duke of Savoy, (who was an inveterate
Enemy to *Prospero*) promising him Tribute, and
to do him Homage; if he would constitute him
Duke of *Milan*, in the room of his Brother. To
which Savoy consenting, *Antonio*, in the dead of
the Night, (as they had secretly agreed) open'd to
him the Gates of *Milan*; and hurry'd the lawful
Duke to Savoy, and with him two young Prin-
cesses his Daughters, the Eldest named *Miranda*,
and the Youngest *Dorinda*, who were the dear
Pledges of their Father's former Love, and the
pretty Remembrancers to him, of a Lady, who in
her Life-time was all Vertue. As also an Infant
call'd *Hippolito*, the Right Heir, to the Dukedom
of *Mantua*, whose Father dying, bequeath'd him
(but three Years old) to the Care of *Prospero*, and
who, by *Antonio's* Cruelty, was expos'd to the
same Fate as that much wronged Duke. When
they arriv'd at Savoy, they were put aboard a Ves-
sel at *Nissa*, of which *Gonzalo*, a Nobleman of
Savoy, was appointed Master, who bore them out
some Leagues to Sea, where there was a rotten
Carcase of a Boat prepared for their Reception,
without either Rigging, Tackle, Sail, or Mast.
However, *Gonzalo* knowing the Duke was an en-
tire Lover of his Books, was so generous as to furnish
him (but from his own Library) with some Books
which he set a Value on, as also some rich Gar-
ments, which afterwards stood these Royal Exiles

in good stead: They had also a small Quantity of Food, and some fresh Water. And thus they were left to the Mercy of the Waves, which proving greater than that of his unnatural Brother, they were at length thrown on an Island uninhabited, save only by two Brats, which *Sicorax*, a most damn'd Witch, who had been banish'd from *Argier* to that desolate Place, for manifold Mischiefs, and Sorceries too terrible for human Hearing, had litter'd there. These two freckled Hag-born Wretches were named, the Male *Caliban*, and the Female *Sicorax*. On this Island was the noble Duke, and his innocent Companions thrown: What shall *Prospero* do now? He knows he is upon enchanted Ground, and has no Hopes of any Succour, from the two confounded and poisonous Brats of this old deceased Hag: He had Magick sufficient, however, to defend himself from their Insults, and even to punish them for whatever Affronts they should offer; for he was a Man of most occult Study, and had penetrated into the very Pith of Sorcery: Yet he thought it more advisable to endeavour to bring that accurs'd Slave over to his Service, by fair and courteous Means: So having lodg'd his two Infant Daughters in a Cave, which he himself had accommodated for them; and hous'd *Hippolito* in a Rock at some Distance from their Cell, for a Reason which you will hear in the Sequel; he left them, and went in search of the Monster, whom, having found, he us'd all gentle Means to bring to his Lure; he strok'd and made much of him, gave him to taste of some rich Cordials, which he had brought with him; taught him to name the Sun and the Moon: And by these Means excited

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in that wretched Creature a Love towards him; so that he shew'd him all the Qualities of the Isle, as the fresh Springs, fertile Places, &c. And *Prospero*, to requite this Gratitude of the Slave, took Pains to make him speak; for before this he was savage, and could only gabble; and to defend him from the Inclemency of the Weather, lodg'd him in his own Cell; 'till, on a Time, this filthy Slave, *Prospero* being absent, attempted to dishonour his two fair Daughters, who were now grown to Maturity, having been twelve Years upon this desert Isle: But the Duke returning before the brutal Villain could accomplish his accurs'd Intent; and being inform'd of what *Caliban* had attempted; he, by the strong Power of his Art, pent him up in a Rock, afflicting him with Cramps and Side-stitches; causing the Urchins to suck his Blood, and the Bees to sting him; and fill'd his Bones with such Aches, that he would often roar so hideously, that the very Beasts trembled at the Noise he made: Besides this, he deservedly made him his Slave, to fetch Wood, make Fires, and serve in the most drudging Offices; still punishing him in the abovesaid Manner, whenever he neglected the least Tittle of what he had commanded. Thus the Monster, not being contented with the Happiness that he might have enjoy'd in a quiet Subordination, was oblig'd to put up with a Slavery which he could not avoid, as a Punishment he had justly deserv'd.

The Hag *Sicorax* (his Dam) had once under her Command, when she was banish'd to this Island, a Spirit call'd *Ariel*, whom by the mighty Power of her Sorceries, she had oblig'd to follow her in her

Exile:

Exile : But he being a Spirit too delicate to
 et her abhorr'd Injunctions ; she, for his refusing
 to obey her detestable Orders, in her unmiti-
 able Rage, imprison'd him in a cloven Pine,
 where he vented Groans, as fast as Mill-Wheels
 strike, and which even made Wolves to howl, and
 penetrated the Breasts of angry Bears. In this
 Pine had he been confin'd for the Space of twelve
 Years, and would have wearied out twelve Win-
 ters more, had not *Prospero*, as he was one Day
 strolling in a Place near to the Prison of this unfor-
 tunate and miserable Spirit, heard his Complaints,
 and by the potent Virtue of his Magick, made the
 Pine to gape and let him out : After which he
 took him into his Service, employing him in Af-
 fairs that tended to restoring him again to his He-
 reditary Right ; which not long after happen'd,
 in the Manner following :

About this Time it fell out, that the *Moors*,
 who were become very formidable, began to infest
 the Kingdom of *Portugal*, daily committing all
 Manner of Hostilities ; nor could they be reduc'd
 (so great was their Strength, and so resolute their
 Undertakings) without an united Force. In this
 Juncture, for what Reasons I shall not here deter-
 mine, *Antonio*, Duke *Prospero's* false Brother, ac-
 company'd with *Alonzo* the Duke of *Savoy*, who
 had usurp'd the Dukedom of *Mantua* from the In-
 fant *Hippolito*, whom we have just before spoken
 of ; and *Ferdinand* his Son, as also *Gonzalo*, the
 Nobleman of *Savoy*, who had been Pilot to the de-
 pos'd Duke, as is above taken Notice of ; went
 with a sufficient Force to assist the Crown of *Por-
 tugal* against the Barbarians : And being bless'd by
 Heaven

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Heaven in their Design, after having reduc'd those Pagans, were returning to their own Country. But *Prospero*, whose Art reach'd even to the Knowledge of what was acted in Places remote, knowing they were upon the Return, gave Orders to *Ariel* to raise a Tempest on the Sea, whereby they might be separated; but with this Caution, that they should all be thrown (tho' in different Places) on the Enchanted Island, and that not a Hair of them should perish.

Ariel having receiv'd the Duke's Commands immediately boarded the Ship wherein the afore said Noblemen were, and there began his Pranks. Sometimes he would be upon the Peak of the Ship, then in the Wasse, and Deck; never a Cabin was left unmolested: Sometimes he seem'd to burn on the Top-Mast, presently after on the Yards and Boltsprit; where he flam'd distinctly and even rain'd a Shower of Fire upon them. This gave every Soul a Fever in his Mind, and urg'd them to play Tricks of Desperation: As for *Ferdinand*, he (with Hair up-staring, more like Reeds than Hair) was the first Man that plung'd into the foaming Brine, crying out, *Hell's empty, and all the Devils are here*. Upon which he was immediately follow'd by *Antonio*, *Alonzo*, and *Gonzalo*; every one of them lustily beating the Billows, and riding on their Backs: The Mariners indeed did not care to quit their Ships, and so were at last drove ashore dry-shod on the Island; where also all the rest were arriv'd, but as far from each other, as their Thoughts were, of ever meeting again.

But

Duke of M I L A N.

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But let us leave them a while, and return to *Prospero*, who, as I have already told you, kept his little Family separate; for he had found by Calculation of *Hippolito's* Birth, that Death threaten'd that Youth, if, 'till some Time were past, he should behold the Face of any Woman; He therefore went to pay him a Visit one Day, and assur'd him that it did not proceed from any Unkindness, that he restrain'd him in that Rock; For (says the Duke) *Heaven knows, and you your self can bear me Witness how much I have loved you from your Infancy: But, my gentle Youth,* (continued he,) *a black Star threatens thee; if, 'till some Time be past, you chance to set Eyes on a dangerous Creature that haunts this Island, call'd Woman.* *Hippolito*, who knew not what a Woman was, from the Time he was first cast on that Island, (when he was but three Years old) made Answer, that *Prospero* had taught him, that Man was Sovereign over all other Creatures, and that therefore he had no need to fear; Besides, (my dear Lord, says he,) *I had rather meet Death than be a Prisoner.* But, (says *Prospero*) *these are Creatures that share Man's Sovereignty by Nature's Laws, and oft depose him for it.* "Pray what are they like, my Lord?" Oh *Hippolito*, (returns the Duke) *imagine something more beautiful than Man, with killing Eyes; and Voices like Nightingales; Creatures that are made up of Enchantment; and for ever enslave all that behold them; when once you have seen them, they'll haunt you in your Sleep; while you will be without all Possibility of Revenge; for they are so beautiful, that you can never attempt to hurt them.* This Discourse set his Soul on Fire, and he made use of all his Elo-

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quence to persuade *Prospero* to let him have a View of them; he told him, he had seen the Plumes of Swans, the Peacock's Feathers, the Gloss upon the Necks of Doves, and the various Beauties of the Rainbow; and had without Danger wonder'd at them; "Can they be more beautiful than these? And has Nature made nothing but Woman dangerous and fair? If they meddle with me, I'll shut my Eyes, and fight with 'em." To this *Prospero* reply'd, that they were the most dangerous Creatures in the World; but that in a short Time he would give him leave to have a Sight of them: But charg'd him to forbear desiring to see them, 'till 'twas his Pleasure. This *Hippolito* at last unwillingly complied with; but when *Prospero* was taking his Leave; Sir, (says the young Duke of Mantua) *I will keep out of their Way, as much as I can; but if they come to me, and provoke me, I'm sure I sha'n't forbear 'em.*

Prospero had, before this, forbidden his two Daughters, ever coming that Way, for fear they should meet the Man whom he had represented to them, (for they likewise had never had seen one but their Father) as a dreadful and poisonous Creature; and that if a Woman came near him, she would feel a Pain full nine Months. That tho' he himself was a Man, he was tame; but that there were young Men who were wild. To this they made Answer; (for they long'd to see one of these wild young Men;) "Father, if we see one, we will stroke him, and make him gentle; and then sure he won't hurt us. And if he should catch us, we'll down on our Knees and ask Pardon, as we do to you, when we have done a Fault. Then
" pray

“ pray Sir, let us see him; for my Sister and I too,
“ had rather feel a Pain nine Months, than lose
“ our Longing.” But the Duke at that Time
strictly enjoin’d them never to ask him any more
on that Affair; for he would never grant them
Leave.

But he might better have given them Permissi-
on, for his sole Interdict made them resolve to dis-
obey; and they were got near to his Cell, with a
Design to see this terrible Creature; where at last
they espy’d *Hippolito*; whereupon *Dorinda* says
to her Sister; “ See! yonder it is; and it walks
“ about like one of us; and it talks too; nay, if
“ you observe, ’tis the very Picture of us: I’m not
“ half so much afraid of it, as I was. I’ll go near-
“ er to it. I’ll warrant you this is a tame Man,
“ and will not hurt me.” But *Miranda*, who was
equally smitten with the Charms of this beautiful
Object, would have dissuaded her Sister from being
too venturesome, that she might be the more:
And therefore, (being the eldest) took upon her to
reprimand *Dorinda*, telling her; ’Twas a dange-
rous Thing; that she herself would go nearer, and
take a full View of it; and afterwards come and
tell her. “ For (says *Miranda*) I would not for
“ the World you shou’d venture. My Father
“ charg’d me (if ever we should happen to see it)
“ to secure you from it.” But *Dorinda* would not
be persuaded; saying, “ You chide me for that
“ Disobedience you your self want to commit; if
“ I die for’t, I’ll go nearer.”

At this Instant, *Prospero*, who was passing by
them, in an adjacent Meadow, in his way to his
Cell, overheard their Talk, and thereupon imme-
diately

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mediately call'd out for *Miranda*. They both heard his Voice, and *Miranda* (tho' she knew that she was call'd) would have sent *Dorinda* to her Father: But the other would not consent to go, arguing that every one should answer to their Name; and was so obstinate in her Refusal, that *Miranda* was oblig'd to retire, (the Duke continuing to call,) but at parting, told her Sister, she would repent it.

As soon as she was gone, *Dorinda*, not a whit terrify'd by her Father's former Injunctions, or her Sister's Threats, boldly advances up to him. But when they came within Sight of each other, what Pen can describe the sudden Admiration, Emotion, and Pleasure of Soul, that they felt. He (*Hippolito*, I mean) thinking she was dropt from the Sun, went to her in a most submissive Manner, and desir'd to know what she was? She, on the other Hand, full of Wonder at his Comeliness, which yet was not without a Fear of what had been told her concerning his cruel Disposition, made Answer, That she was a Woman, as she thought, and desir'd him not to hurt her: "For (says she) I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy, nor never can to one that looks like you: And tho' I am charg'd to shun your Presence (if you are a Man) I'd rather die than lose it." "I am indeed a Man, (replied *Hippolito*) but be not frighten'd; for I'd sooner tear my Eyes out, than consent to do you any Harm: Besides, I am told that I must fear you." "I wish we are not Poison to each other; (says the innocent Maid) can't we meet, but we must die?" He told her, there was no Death but in their parting; and desir'd she would let him but touch her Hand; which she

she consenting to do ; they both soon found the Effects of it ; for *Dorinda* confess'd, that while she held his Hand, something (she knew not what) made her sigh ; and yet (says she) *I could grasp it for ever*. He answer'd, That her Touch went thro' him ; and that he felt both a Pleasure and a Pain at his Heart. By this Time *Miranda* had told her Tale to the Duke, who now calling for *Dorinda*, the two Lovers were oblig'd to part (not without Promises of meeting ;) but with what Reluctance, I leave the amorous Reader to judge.

Alonzo, the Duke of Savoy, *Antonio*, the Duke of Milan, and *Gonzalo*, had now found out each other ; but instead of being mutual Comforts, they only serv'd to aggravate their respective Miseries : The two Dukes appear'd like Men distracted ; and good *Gonzalo's* Tears run down his Beard, like Winter-Drops from Eaves of Houses : *Alonzo* was brimful of Grief, for the Loss of his Son *Ferdinand*, whom he suppos'd to be drown'd ; and reproach'd *Antonio* with his being the Cause of all their Sorrows ; which he indeed could not deny ; but laid the Crime at *Alonzo's* Door. And to compleat their Terror and Amazement, *Alonzo* pulling a Tree, Blood issued out of it ; and *Antonio* was disturb'd with the swift Voices and Groans of lamenting Ghosts. The Earth began to gape, as if it would swallow them ; and on a sudden a horrid Masque of Spirits appear'd, who in a dismal Consort sung as follows :

I Spirit.

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1. Spir. *Where does the black Fiend Ambition reside,
With the mischievous Devil of Pride?*
2. Spir. *In the lowest and darkest Caverns of Hell
Both Pride and Ambition does dwell.*
3. Spir. *And such who their Brothers to Death have
[betray'd,
In Hell upon burning Thrones shall be set.*

All sing together.

*—In Hell, in Hell with flames they shall reign,
And for ever, for ever shall suffer the Pain.*

1. Spir. *---His Cruelty does tread
On Orphans tender Breasts, and Brothers
[dead!*

2. Spir. *Can Heaven permit such Crimes should be
Attended with Felicity?
All sing together.*

*Care their Minds when they wake unquiet will keep,
And we with dire Visions disturb all their Sleep.*

1. Spir. *Say, say, shall we bear these bold Mortals
[from hence?*
2. Spir. *No, no, let us show their degrees of Offence.*
3. Spir. *Let's muster their Crimes up on every Side,
And first let's discover their Pride.*

*Lo here is Pride who first led them astray,
And did to Ambition their minds then betray.
And Fraud does next appear,
Their wandring Steps who led,
When they from Vertue fled,
They in my crooked Paths their Course did steer.
From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,
Where Rapine did their Actions drive.
There long they could not stay;
Down the steep Hill they run,*

And

Duke of MILAN.

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*And to perfect the Mischief which they had begun,
To Murder they bent all their way.*

All sing together.

*Around, around we pace,
About this cursed Place;
While thus we compass in
These Mortals and their sin.*

After this, they vanish'd, and left them all in the utmost Consternation; but especially *Alonzo*; who was quite unmann'd; a cold Sweat trilling down all o'er his Limbs, as if he were dissolving into Water: And in this Condition, he would ever and anon cry out; *Ob! Prospero, my Crimes against thee sit heavy on my Heart!* Which was seconded by *Antonio*, who reproach'd himself with his inhuman Barbarity to his Brother; and the Wrong he had done to young *Hippolito*.

They had not gone much further before a terrible Storm of Thunder, Lightning, Wind, Hail, and Rain arose; which was accompanied with a most frightful Voice which seem'd to issue from the deep Caverns of the Earth; distinctly pronouncing what follows:

*Arise, arise! ye subterranean Winds
More to disturb their guilty Minds.
And all ye filthy Damps and Vapours rise,
Which use t' infect the Earth, and trouble all the Skies;
Rise you, from whom devouring Plagues have Birth:
You that i' th' vast and hollow Womb of Earth,
Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countries shake,
And stately Cities into Desarts turn;
And you who feed the flames by which Earths Entrails*
[burn.]

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Te raging Winds, whose rapid Force can make

All but the fix'd and solid Centre shake :

Come drive these Wretches to that part o'th' Isle,

Where Nature never yet did smile :

Cause Fogs and Storms, Whirlwinds and Earthquakes

[there :

There let 'em howl and languish in Despair,

Rise and obey the pow'rful Prince o'th' Air.

All this while was *Alonzo's Son Ferdinand* wandering about this desert Island, in quest of something that might alleviate his Grievs, if perchance he might meet with any of their Fleet that had been fortuitously driven on that Island: But his Search was vain; for he could find out no Companions; no Mortal, to tell his lamentable Tale to. The invisible *Ariel*, however, (by *Prospero's* Command) attended him; not that he was directly to give him any Comfort, nor yet to drive him to Despair, but to keep him in Suspence. And this he did, by sometimes affording him the Delight of most sweet aerial Musick; and sometimes by melancholy and afflicting Cadences, which seem'd to intimate his Father's Death. In this Plight, let us now leave him; to see how some of the common Mariners far'd; for there was not one Soul lost, only dispers'd from each other.

And we shall find the best Part of the Boat-swain's Crew, gotten into one Corner of the Island, with a Runlet of Brandy before them, as merry as so many *Greeks*, laughing at the Dangers they had past, and without fear of those that were to come, at least as long as their Brandy lasted.

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They now began to be pretty well wetted within, as well as without; and their Cold Tea began to have as great an Influence on them as our Hot has upon the Drinkers of it; for it set their Tongues a running plentifully: One was talking of the Danger they had escap'd, which he said was owing to a Fellow that was aboard, who had a hanging Look; and, says he, *If he had not been born to be hang'd, we had certainly been drowned*: Another was swearing that he look'd back as he was swimming to shore, and saw the Runlet of Brandy that was then before them, swimming after him, as it were out of pure Pity. *Fill apace*, says a third, *we can't live long on this barren Island; and why mayn't we take a Soop before Death, as well as others drink at our Funerals?* *Hang Losses*, says another, *as long as we have Brandy left*: A Fifth was maudlin and weeping at the Thoughts of the Sorrow that his Wife would be fill'd with, if he should perish on the Island, *She's a good Old Fade*, says he, *and has but one Eye left, which she'll weep out too, when she hears of my Misfortunes*: His next Man was brimful of Grief for the Loss of a gilt Nutmeg his Sweetheart had given him: *But come*, says he, *Sorrow's Dry; so here's to ye*.

And now their Cagg began to empty apace, and they had scarce any Brandy left to think on; so they bent their Notions another way. A Politician that was amongst them was for erecting a Government on that Island: This was agreed to; but who should be King was the Question: So to it they went Helter Skelter about it; for the Brandy had made them all Princes; and every one thought himself

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himself the Sovereign; and there were bloody No-
ses in the Case.

But all this while they ne'er thought of *Trincalo*, who was their Boatswain, and who being cast on another distant part of the Island, by chance met with the Monster *Caliban*, who having recommended his Sister *Sicorax*, as the greatest Beauty in that Island, and also as the Queen thereof; prevail'd upon the Sailor (See what Ambition will do!) to marry her, that he might be a King. And now who so great as *Trincalo*? He had got 2 Subjects, his Wife and her Brother: And with these two he was making his Progress over his new Kingdom; when he came at last, where the rest of the Crew were in the abovemention'd Dispute: When he knew the Reason of their Quarrel, he gave them to understand that he would be only Supreme Monarch there, for says he, *I have married the Lawful Inheritrix of this Island, Queen Blouze the 1st, and by her I hold my Title: Therefore either take this Cagg, sit down, and drink my Health, by the Name of Duke Trincalo; or be sober, ill-natur'd, and hang'd; which you please: For I've married a Witch, and we have a thousand Devils of our Party.* At that Word, they all cry'd out, *Peace and the Runlet; long Live Duke Trincalo!* And at last came to these Terms, That he should allow them part of his Brandy, and they would acknowledge him sole Ruler of that Island. And ever since his Reign, this has been found an effectual Means of procuring Votes for those that want 'em more than they deserve 'em.

All this while *Ferdinand* was wandering about the Island; and at last came to a Place where *Prospero* was in Discourse with his Daughter *Miranda*; who

who espying him, bid her look at him. At first she was struck with Amazement, thinking it had been a Spirit, and told her Father as much: But he assured her that it was a Man; who (but that his Beauty was stain'd with the Grievs he underwent) was indeed a goodly Person.

By this time he came up close to them, and being entirely Captivated by her Charms, he thus address'd her; *Fair Excellence, if, as your Form declares, you are Divine, be pleas'd to instruct me how you will be worshipp'd; so bright a Beauty cannot sure belong to human kind.* To this she modestly and innocently reply'd, that she was a Mortal like him, if he was so. He hearing her speak Italian, broke forth into the following Exclamation; *My Language too! O Heavens! I am the best of them who speak this Speech when I'm in my own Country.* At this Prospero took him up sharply, saying, *What wert thou if the Duke of Savoy heard thee? Ferdinand* said he himself was Savoy; and that if that bright Angel (meaning *Miranda*) were a Virgin, and her Affections not gone forth, he would make her Mistress thereof; for (says he) *these Eyes not many Hours since, saw the Duke of Savoy, my Father, shipwreck'd.* But Prospero, who was resolv'd to let him know the Power he had over him, retorted, That he usurp'd a Name that was not due to him, and came as a Spy on the Island, to get the Government from him: *And therefore as a Traitor,* (continues Duke Prospero) *I imprison thee; and thou shalt be in Bonds. Thy Drink shall be Sea Water, and thy Food wither'd Roots, and Husks of Acorns.* But *Miranda* intreated her Father in his Behalf, saying, She was sure there could be no Harm in him; and that she would

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be his Surety : But the Duke chid her ; commanding *Ferdinand* to follow him ; which he refusing, and offering to draw, was charm'd from moving ; whereupon he immediately own'd the Power of *Prospero* ; but begg'd tho' he was a Prisoner, he might have the Happiness to see that Charming Maid once a Day : But this was deny'd him : And when *Miranda* endeavour'd to Comfort him, by saying her Father was of a better Nature than he appear'd by his Speech ; the Duke immediately commanded him into a Cave which he had prepar'd for him, and there left him.

I told you above that the Duke mistrusted some Ill Chance would befall *Hippolito*, if he should see a Woman before such a Time ; nor was his Mistrust vain : For *Hippolito* one Day meeting with *Ferdinand*, who was walking within the Narrow Bounds of his Prison, which was Contiguous to that of *Hippolito's*, after having ask'd him concerning his Fate, began to make his Complaints to him, that he was kept Confin'd only for fear he should behold a Woman : Upon which *Ferdinand* told him they were indeed Dangerous ; for he had seen one since he came on the Island, whose Beauty had pierc'd his Heart. I believe, says *Hippolito*, you are like me ; for I have been unquiet ever since I saw Woman, and am always wishing for I know not what. But, (says *Ferdinand*) in that you and I differ ; for I know too well what I wish for ; I can have no Happiness without her ; If I have not her, I cannot live. At this *Hippolito* was angry, and told him that none but himself must have her. *Ferdinand* told him that perhaps 'twas not the same Woman that he lov'd. What, says *Hippolito*, are there more Women, You shall

shall not, must not pretend to claim one, for if there were a hundred of them, I must love 'em all. *Ferdinand* admiring at his Simplicity, told him, that he labour'd under a very great Mistake, if he suppos'd that he might indifferently love, and be belov'd of all the Women he should see; for that he must fix his Affections to one only: *And Sweet Touth* (added he) *perhaps when you behold the Woman I admire, you will find that you cannot fancy her.* But *Hippolito* protested he would have as many as he could; and told *Ferdinand* that he must either promise him that he would love no Woman, or vindicate his Pretensions by Force. *Ferdinand* fearing that if they talk'd longer on the Subject, *Hippolito* would urge him beyond what he could bear; thought it most adviseable to break off the Discourse; and therefore excus'd himself, that he was indispos'd with Weariness and Grief; and was willing to retire awhile; adding, that some other Time he would confer with him further on that Affair. *Hippolito* told him he might love him, and as many Men as he pleas'd; for, says he, *that is Friendship; Prospero has taught me how to be a Friend; and next to Women I could love you; but all that Angelical Sex must be mine.* He desir'd *Ferdinand* to consider of it; and so they parted for that time.

In the mean time *Miranda* had not fail'd incessantly to importune her Father that she might once more see the Stranger, who was his Prisoner: And at last prevail'd upon him to grant her Leave. He said she might go, but charg'd her to behave herself with a prudent Reservedness, and to let her Visit be but short: Told her she must insinuate into his Mind a Kindness for *Hippolito*, for *Prospero*

was

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was earnest to unite their Souls, thinking, such an Union might secure *Hippolito* from the Dark Danger which his Art forboded : But this Care of the Duke brought that very Fate on the Youth which he was striving to avert. What will be, will be.

Away she goes as fast as Love cou'd hurry her ; and being come to the Prison of her Lover, she gave him such a Call as would have wak'd the Dead. *Ferdinand* soon knew her Voice ; and presently appear'd. As soon as she saw him, she kindly enquir'd of him how he bore his Misfortunes. He made Answer, that her Presence made his Prison a Palace, *Ab !* says the Innocent Maid, *Tou talk as if you lov'd me ; but how shall I be certain of it ? Look to it, for I will die if you are false, and then I will haunt you ; for I have heard my Father tell of Maids who died, and afterwards haunted their False Lovers.* Quite confounded with her Innocency, he call'd Heaven and Earth to witness his Constancy. The Joy that she conceiv'd thereupon is not to be express'd. She now thought of her Father's Injunction concerning *Hippolito*, and resolv'd to try his Love (so ignorant was she of that burning Passion Jealousy) by enjoinning him to love *Hippolito* for her sake, in the manner following. *I have a suit to you, and that, Sir, shall be now the only Tryal of your Love : 'Tis to love one for my sake, who for his own deserves all the Respect which you can ever pay him : Such a one, who, for his Sweetness, and his goodly Shape, (if I, who am unskill'd in Forms, may judge) I think can scarce be equall'd. Pray, Sir, do not scruple to grant the first Request I ever made ? He's wholly unacquainted with the World, and wants your Conversation. If you saw him as I have done, so full*
of

of Youth and Beauty, you would certainly love him.

This put *Ferdinand* upon the Rack, and quite poison'd all his Hopes. He then began to think of what *Hippolito* had said, when he mention'd *Miranda* to him, who told him then, that he would have her. He concluded therefore she was like the rest of her Sex, fair and false; but wonder'd she had not Art to hide it. Therefore he thus accosted her: *Had it been your Father, his Usage of me could not make me hate him, because he gave you Being, which cancell'd all the Wrongs he could offer me. But if there is another whom I ought to love for your sake; to oblige me to't you should discommend him, not praise him: If you bid me love him I must hate him. Miranda* fear'd she had offended him, and hearing a Noise, for that time left him, for fear of being surpriz'd by her Sister, who was in an adjacent Meadow, in a deep Conference with *Hippolito*, who, as we have taken Notice before, having heard of more Women besides her self, told her he would have them all.

Dorinda upon this angrily told him, that she did not mind what he said, (tho' indeed it went to her Heart). *I don't care what becomes of me: But I had better have taken my Father's Counsel, and kept you at your due Distance. Besides, says she, I never saw any Woman but my Sister here.* Upon that he told her he would go where they were; for this was but a poor World: And in the mean time desir'd that she would introduce him into the Company of her Sister. Upon which in a Passion she told him, that he could not love both of them; and that if he lov'd her, she would not value him; *besides. (says she) my Sister has seen another Man, and likes him best.* At this Word she left him, without ever giving him

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him her Hand, or affording him the least Hopes of enjoying her Person if he lov'd any other Woman.

As he was by himself, blaming of the Stranger for coming to take his Women from him; and exclaiming against *Prospero* for endeavouring to fright him from the Conversation of Women-kind, that he might have them to himself: *Ferdinand* came into his Walk; and as they were both seiz'd with the same Passion; they both thought themselves wrong'd; both were resolv'd to redress themselves. *Ferdinand* look'd upon him as a Rival, on Account of what *Miranda* had said; *Hippolito* look'd on him as a Robber that came to plunder him of all that was dear to him in the World; so few Words brought them to the Point of the Sword; in which the latter was dangerously wounded, and fell: *Prospero* happening to come that Way at that unhappy Instant, was struck with a deep Amazement and fell to rubbing him, but all to no purpose: He then cry'd out, *How much in vain doth feeble Art Endeavour to resist the Will of Heaven!* And turning to *Ferdinand* said, *O thou cruel Son of an Inhuman Father! all my Designs are ruin'd and unravell'd by this blow; no Pleasure now is left me but Revenge.* Upon which *Ferdinand* pleaded his Innocence: But *Prospero* immediately call'd *Ariel*, to know why he did not prevent this fatal Action? The Spirit thus reply'd, *Pardon, great Sir, I meant to do it, but I was forbidden by the ill Genius of Hippolito, who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos'd it, to bind me in the bottom of the Sea, far from the lightsome Regions of the Air, (my Native Fields) above a hundred Tears.* Upon which *Prospero* said to him, *I'll chain*

the

thee in the North for thy neglect ; within the burning Bowels of Mount Heila ; I'll singe thy airy Wings with sulph'rous Flames, and choak thy tender Nostrils with blew Smoak, at every Hick-up of the belching Mountain thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh Air, and then fall down again. Ariel thereupon humbly begg'd Pardon ; which Prospero seem'd to consent to ; but the Conditions were, that he should immediately bring Alonzo and his Company, who were wandering in a remote Part of the Island, to be Witnesses of Ferdinand's Death. He had no sooner spoke, but into his Presence they came, panting and weary, like Beasts that were hunted into Toils. Alonzo presently knew his Son Ferdinand ; and Antonio, after some small time, remember'd his Brother Prospero ; upon which they were all struck with Amazement, and Gonzalo shed Tears for Joy : But this Joy was presently quash'd ; when Prospero after having given his Brother Antonio a severe Reproof, thus address'd Alonzo ; *Ursurping Prince, know, by my Art, you were shipwreck'd on this Isle, where, after I a while had punish'd you, my Vengeance would have ended, I design'd to match that Son of yours, with this my Daughter* (pointing to Miranda). Alonzo told him he was most willing to it, and desired him to proceed in the Match : But the Duke made him this Reply ; *No Marriages can prosper which are with Murderers made ; look on that Corps, this, whilst he liv'd, was young Hippolito, (pointing to Hippolito) that Infant Duke of Mantua, Sir, whom you expos'd with me ; and here I bred him up, 'till that Blood-thirsty Man, that Ferdinand --- but why do I exclaim on him, when Justice calls to unsheath her Sword against his Guilt.* Alonzo ask'd

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his Meaning. To which the Duke made him this Reply, *To execute Heaven's Laws, here I am plac'd by Heaven, here I am Prince, though you have dispos- sess'd me of my Milan; Blood calls for Blood; your Ferdinand shall die, and I, in bitterness, have sent for you, to have the sudden Joy of seeing him alive, and then the greater Grief to see him die.* Alonzo then drew his Sword to resist the Execution, but Prospero soon stopt his Revenge, by quite unman- ning him, so that he had not power to move. He then in bitter Grief cry'd out, *Have I for this found thee, my Son, so soon again to lose thee!* And addressing himself to Prospero, he said, *Ab Prospero hear me speak! You are a Father! Look on my Age, and look upon his Youth.* He was seconded by Mi- randa, who could hold no longer, but on her ben- ded Knees thus intreated her Father, *Dear Sir, be not so cruel to the Man I love, or be so kind to let me suffer with him: Oh that we cou'd change our Fates! Then he might grieve for me, and I with Joy wou'd die for him.* But all these melting Expressions could not move Prospero, who was inexorable; and taking Dorinda by the Hand, led her to Hippolito's Corps, saying, *Behold your Lover, murder'd by the Man who lov'd your Sister.* Now both of you may see what tis to break a Father's Precept; you would needs see Men, and by that sight are made for ever wretched. Hippolito is dead, and Ferdinand must die for mur- dering him. And he then immediately order'd Ferdi- nand to prepare for the fatal Stroke; and Caliban was sent for, to do the Execution. Mean while the two Sisters upbraided each other of their Disobedi-
ence:

ence; and *Dorinda* seem'd to rejoice at *Ferdinand's* Death, for that he had slain *Hippolito*; which so incens'd *Miranda*, that she declar'd she'd never love *Dorinda* more.

Caliban was now come, and *Ferdinand's* Neck was bare; when on a sudden *Hippolito*, after having fetch'd a heavy Sigh, reviv'd; for his extream Loss of Blood, had only (as it were) entranc'd him. He presently ask'd what was become of *Ferdinand*; who being shewn to him, prepar'd to die for the suppos'd Murder of him: He presently desir'd he might not die; for says he, *It was my Fault he hurt me, I urg'd him to it first.* His Request was easily granted, and there immediately follow'd a general Reconciliation: *Antonio*, with a thousand Intreaties for Pardon, resign'd the Dutchy of *Milan* to his Brother *Prospero*. *Alonzo* would not be behind *Antonio* in Justice, so he render'd back the Dukedom of *Mantua* to *Hippolito*. The Wonder that seiz'd that Young Prince is inexpressible, when they told him he should be Lord of a great People, that were all Men and Women; and what were his Thoughts when they told him he should have *Dorinda* for his Bedfellow, I leave the Amorous Reader to judge. In fine, all Matters were adjusted to the mutual Satisfaction of each Party. [*Ferdinand* was betrothed to *Miranda*, *Hippolito* to *Dorinda*; their Ships were in readiness to carry them to their Native Country; nothing was wanting now, but the Crew; when on a sudden in comes *Trincalo*, the Boatswain, his fair Fufs *Sicorax*, *Caliban* her Brother, and the rest of the Sailors. They then found that in all this Wreck they had not lost one of their Company: Yet the Boatswain was in Danger; for he threaten'd

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ten'd to hang himself, because his Dear Friend the BUIT was empty. However they soon comforted him, when they gave him hopes of seeing his own Country again, and losing his new Spouse : For he, as many an Honest Fellow has been before him, was quite tir'd of his Bargain. So to content all Parties, The Sailors were restor'd to their respective Posts, *Caliban* and *Sicorax* were left sole Rulers of the Island, *Ariel* was set at Liberty, and made once more a free Spirit, to range the Air, which you may perceive by the following Song, which he sung as well out of Gratitude to *Prospero*, as to give the Company a Taste of the Aierial Musick.

It was thus.

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips Bed I lie;
There I couch when Owls do cry.
On the Swallows Wings I fly
After Summer merrily.*

*Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bow.*

After which he congratulated *Prospero*, and the Company, as follows:

My Noble Master ! - - - -

*May theirs and your blest Joys never impair,
And for the Freedom I enjoy in Air,
I will be still your Ariel, and wait
On Aiery Accidents that work for Fate.
Whatever shall your Happiness concern,
From your still faithful Ariel you shall learn.*

And

Duke of MILAN.

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And then Prospero thus took his leave :

*Thou hast been always diligent and kind.
Farewel, my long lov'd Ariel : Thou shalt find
I will preserve thee ever in my Mind.
Henceforth this Isle to the Afflicted be
A Place of Refuge, as it was to me :
The Promises of blooming Spring appear,
And all the Blessings of the ripening Year :
On my Retreat let Heaven and Nature smile,
And ever flourish the Enchanted Isle,*



F I N I S.

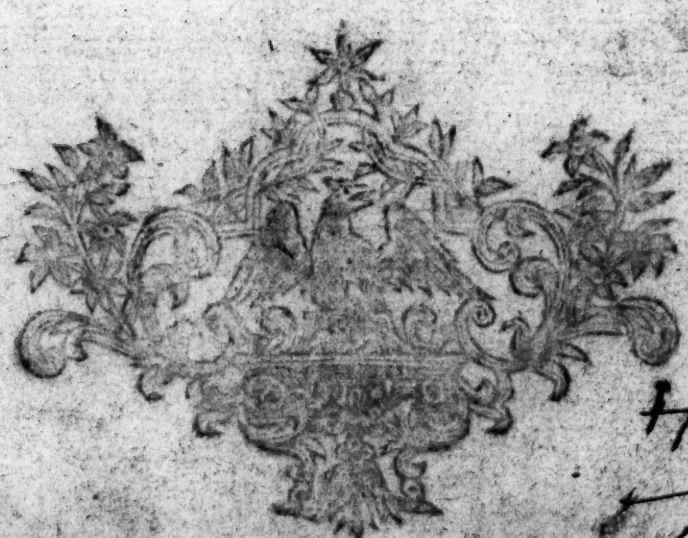
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THE M. I. A. M.

And then I should have look'd his leave:

And I have been alone since that time.
I have not seen him since: I don't know
if he is still in the world or not.
I don't know if he is still in the world or not.
I don't know if he is still in the world or not.
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THE M. I. A. M.

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